

CONTACTS

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No. 8

We're On Our Way

THIS is a season of profound promise. Not since the tearful day three years ago when those two hard-boiled realists, Supply and Demand, kicked the props from under our tower of dreams, have we been able to see as much daylight ahead as right now.

If this our country be dependent essentially for its material health on agricultural welfare, then surely there are good things in store. This year, from virtually every section of the West, come reports of crop prospects so much better than they have been for years, that the entire prairie population is facing the future with a renewed faith and optimism.

Down in Ottawa, a glittering assemblage of Empire statesmen is in conference assembled with the avowed intention of so stimulating trade as to bring back the good old days to this commonwealth of nations in the speediest manner possible. Something good *must* come of their deliberations. Almost anything good you can think of *may*!

As for ourselves as individuals, most of us have quit looking for "something for nothing," and realize that three squares a day and a good bed are better than a ten-course banquet and a bench in the park. Each of us has had to revise a great many peculiar ideas we used to entertain regarding the swift acquisition of large sums of money, and instead, we're getting real enjoyment in finding out how much can be done with whatever coin of the realm we may have in our hands right at the moment.

So—strong in experience and wealthier in wisdom at least—we stand firm on our feet and gaze serenely at the rosy dawning of a brighter day.

We're on our way.

—M.S.



'CROSS SECTIONS

Forbidden Fruit

Into our all unworthy hands has been delivered the task of clearing the name of a very small Saskatchewan boy of a burden of guilt which we presume is laying heavily upon it. And this is the way it came about:

There was delivered to the Life Assurance Office the other day, one of those business reply envelopes which the Company encloses with much of the advertising literature it sends out; the idea, of course, being to enable the prospective client to make enquiries about the beauties of Eaton Life Assurance at no cost to himself. So when the envelope arrived, Mr. Brigden and his satellites fell upon it with glad cries, anticipating an enquiry which—who knew?—might even result in business. However, when the envelope was opened and contents noted, their enthusiasm gave way to bewilderment. All that was contained therein was one very small and very green crabapple and a note inscribed in a stumbling, childish scribble, reading as follows:

"Dear Grandma:—Billie took this crabapple off the tree and gave it to Buddy. Buddy is returning it to you because he didn't want to get into trouble.

Vic, Junior."

—and a second examination of the envelope disclosed the name, "Mrs. M. A. Ballantine" inscribed in one corner.

Mr. Brigden (and satellites) tried assiduously for some little time, but no matter how they read it, couldn't make an application out of it, so they turned

it over to Mr. McNeill, of the Mail, who passed it on to us, with his analysis of the situation, which we have fully confirmed, and present as follows:

The scene is Rosthern, Sask., and the actors, "Billie," who must be the villain of the piece; "Buddy," who is the virtuous hero; "Vic, Junior," a friend in need; and finally "Grandma," who owns a crabapple tree and who, by all that's logical, should be named Eve—but of course we don't know. However—

Billie gazes thoughtfully on Grandma's crabapple tree and finally goes native and pockets a few. Later, brooding on his misdemeanor—possible with the fear of vengeance close upon him, passes the buck to Buddy. This young gentleman, however, is not having any, and is anxious to get out from under with all possible dispatch. He therefore goes into conference with his friend Vic, Junior, who is big enough to know how to write. Vic "tells all"—pens the missive to Grandma, and looking about for an envelope, comes upon one of Eaton's "business replies." At that age, in that country, an envelope is an envelope—a printed inscription means little. They inscribe Grandma's name in the corner, enclose the stolen goods, and drop it in the Post Office.

And so it comes to Eaton's, and to this great-hearted journal. And so Grandma may rest assured that Billie isn't so bad after all, and that Buddy is really a very good boy, and Vic, Junior, a real friend to them both!

Old Timers

Believe it or not, Department 245 recently received an order for merchandise listed in the Fall and Winter Catalogue for 1917! Now, even 245 doesn't carry stock quite that old, but as a matter of curiosity they dug up the 1917 Catalogue and had a look at it. What they saw so intrigued them that they did some more digging and finally unearthed Fall and Winter Catalogue No. 16, 1908-1909. And they let us have a look at it. And we wouldn't have missed it for worlds. With only a poor Copy Writer's pitifully inadequate vocabulary to work on, it is virtually impossible to describe the fine fruity flavor of this style calendar of a quarter century ago. We have, therefore, had our artist go to work and prepare accurate copies of a few of the illustrations contained in this ancient volume. In not a single particular do the pictures here presented exaggerate upon the original—they are faithful tracings, duly attested by the Editor.

Insofar as the descriptive matter is concerned, we do plead guilty to making a few trifling changes, so as to render the copy more palatable to 1932 reading tastes:



15R203—Hot ziggety, men! Here's a new Kelly job that wins the silver-lined mustache-cup for the season. Cast in our own foundry, and embodying the newest principles of balance and ventilation. A great favorite with one of our most popular movie stars. Price, with brush and one can of blacking, \$3.00.



R100—Shirtwaist in the fascinating, bullet-proof style widely popularized in George White's "Scandals." The surplice cross-overs make a charming table-runner when the outfit is not on parade, and each sleeve capable of quick transformation into a dainty pillow slip or commodious laundry bag. Complete with rim-tool, jack and pump, \$1.95.



259R62 $\frac{7}{8}$ —Dress Hat—and about as nifty a little load of overhead as ever panicked the boys on the corner! It's a centre-board type, yawl-rigged, with auxiliary kicker in case of strong head winds. Price without apology, \$8.25.

Incident

On the afternoon of Monday, July 11th, if you remember, Winnipeg was treated to such a tempestuous down-pour of rain as it had not seen in many a long day, and the deluge was accompanied by a gale of wind that nearly tore the shingles off.

We were contemplating this frolic of the elements from a City Ad window when suddenly the sky was darkened and in front of our startled eyes there floated downwards one of the large Union Jacks that customarily stream in the breeze from our rooftops, and which the baby hurricane had torn from its moorings and hurtled to the street below. It settled unhurriedly to the ground, missing the trolley wires by inches and finally coming to rest in the middle of Portage Avenue—right across both street car tracks—in the geometric centre of the pedestrians' lane across that inspiring thoroughfare.

Lying there, it presented passing pedestrians with a pretty problem in patriotism.

The few wayfarers who were on the streets in the storm were in too much of a hurry to lift the dripping banner from its lowly resting-place—but not in such a hurry that they dared walk across it. Everyone at least paid it the compliment of going around. The same thing happened when the first street car came along. It hesitated, and finally stopped before the flag, looking as bewildered as a street car can look, and eventually opened its front door and disgorged the motorman, who hopped in front of his vehicle and reverently removed the flag from the track—but *only from his own track!* He was a good patriot apparently, but he was also getting wet, and the removal of the flag from the other track was some other motorman's duty. The proprieties thus observed, the car absorbed the motorman and moved on righteously to its destination. The flag lay moistly where it was for several minutes, and we half expected some ambitious son of the Soviet to seize the opportunity to rush out and dance a

Hungarian Goulash on the hated symbol of Imperialism. Instead, however, the law itself appeared, in the form of a six-foot policeman, majestic in cape and helmet, who gathered the soggy pennon to his bosom and restored it to a panting representative of the Superintendent's Office who, advised of the mishap, had just scuttled forth to retrieve the Company's property.

Just at that moment the rain ceased, the clouds parted, and the sun broke forth. We turned from our window murmuring happily, "Thank God, the Empire stands!"

Prosperity Barometer

Over in 41 Department the other day we encountered what seemed to us to be still another indication of what a promising season this Summer of 1932 is. We refer to the bustle of activity that was apparent over there in the business of turning out binder canvas.

Binder canvas, as we good Westerners *should* know, is that endless belt which, on a binder conveys the cut grain from the platform on which it falls, to the knoter, where it is tied in sheaves. The canvas itself is unassuming enough in appearance, consisting of a length of heavy duck across which, at intervals, are riveted slim wooden slats. At one end of the canvas is a series of buckles, at the other a corresponding number of straps, enabling the canvas to be fastened together to form the endless belt referred to.

In manufacturing, the canvas is reeled off an immense roll, and both edges "hemmed" simultaneously by two sewing machines working opposite each other. Two more operators then cut the canvas to required lengths and mark on the edges the location of the slats. The marked lengths then go to the stapler, which attaches the oaken slats by driving wire staples at close intervals through the canvas into the slat. For further strength, each end of each slat is riveted to the canvas. Then

straps and buckles are attached, descriptions are stencilled on, and the process is complete.

The comforting thought about the whole business this year is the rate at which 41 is working to turn out enough to supply incoming orders. Binder canvases are never made in advance, as the demand fluctuates from year to year, depending, of course, upon crop prospects, and it is this circumstance that makes 41's present activity one of the most soothing sights these tired eyes have yet rested on. They're working steadily—in two shifts of nineteen operators each—turning out more than 500 canvases a day—and orders still piling in. Mr. Western Farmer is apparently pulling up his socks and getting all oiled up to gather in the sweetest harvest he's seen in a good many years.

And, of course, that makes everybody from here to the Rockies very, very annoyed!

Just Us!

Throughout these chaste pages we endeavor to maintain as high a percentage of originality as possible. Every now and then, however, we encounter in some contemporary an item which seems made to order for our own readers, and we succumb to the temptation of lifting it.

Such an item is an anecdote which appeared recently in that brilliant little weekly, "The New Yorker." It deals with a pompous-looking feminine party who was stalking through the aisles of one of New York's large department stores, carrying over her arm one of those particularly snooty-looking Pekingese spaniels. Suddenly, the story goes, she turned aside from her path and going over to a drinking fountain, lifted the Peke over and let the animal slake his thirst at the stream.

Spotting this rather distressing incident, a horrified floorman rushed over and made protest.

"But madame!" he said in shocked tones, "this drinking fountain is for the use of customers!"

The lady seemed genuinely surprised and duly impressed with the sadness of her error.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I am sorry. But I thought it was for employees!"

Veterans in Power

Elsewhere in this number we have dealt with an interesting few minutes we spent over in the Power House some time ago. Even at the risk of spoiling the good engineers by too much attention, we are introducing them again in this department. For we are of the opinion that they are possessors of a Store record in years of service, and we consider the matter worthy of mention.

It may be that we are wrong and that other departments can boast a prouder record than the Engineers. If such be the case, we shall be pleased to hear from them and willing to give them equal publicity in this connection. In the meantime the Engineers stand put with no less than seven of their members pointing to more than twenty-five years' service—and two of these more than thirty!

Mr. Charlie Lane is the veteran of the organization, having started reading pressure gauges and pulling switches as long ago as February, 1902—just eight months before Mr. Bob Hutt received his baptism of fire. Then in proud order march James Stewart (August, 1904), I. J. McKinnon (April, 1905), Walter Chalcroft (May 16, 1905), James Bloomer (May 22, 1905) and Charles Green (Dec., 1906).

We await with interest the challenge of any other departments who may be proud of their service records. It seems to us that the Engineers are going to take a lot of challenging!

Believe It or Not

We are continually encountering something new and interesting with regard to Eaton's Catalogue. We had known for some time, of course, that the great "Western Institution" was quite commonly used in many rural Western schools to teach the English language to new Canadians. But it was news to us to hear that on more than one occasion the harrassed Mail Order have received ardent enquiries from impressionable young Western men regarding this or that girl whose picture had appeared as a model in the Catalogue—object, presumably, matrimony!

So the other day we went statistical—looking for unusual facts and figures regarding the Catalogue—and reaped a rich harvest when we took our search to Mr. Nelson South for assistance.

Mr. South told us, for instance, that for the Fall and Winter Catalogue for 1931-32 more than 1,000,000 pounds of paper, or 25 freight cars of 40,000 pounds each, were made up into books that would cover $8\frac{1}{2}$ acres of ground.

More than 34,000 pounds of printers' ink were used to tell the Catalogue's story, and more than 10,000 yards of binder cloth contributed its share of the make-up. The Catalogue laid end to end would reach 91 miles—piled one on top of the other they'd make a column $5\frac{1}{3}$ miles high. Lay the pages end to end and they'd make a 10-inch ribbon $1\frac{1}{2}$ times 'round the world—39,000 miles—lay them flat on the ground, edge to edge, and they'd cover more than 23 quarter sections!

In other words, we publish quite a considerable chunk of catalogue.

On Being Intelligent and Agreeable

There is a homely old proverb that "fine words butter no parsnips." But they can be a wonderful lubricant of the wheels of life.

"One day," says a correspondent, "we were waiting our turn to be served in a busy store. Our impatience was agreeably dispelled by a pleasant smile from the competent young woman behind the counter, who while serving somebody else said to us that she hoped to be able to attend to us in a few moments. We could not help saying to ourselves: 'There is an intelligent and agreeable young woman.' The truth is that anybody who is truly intelligent is also agreeable. There is a saying that it costs nothing to be polite. It costs no more to add to politeness that extra touch of good will, which, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes. All the pleasures and all the pains in life are, more largely than we usually realize, the sum of the pleasures and the pains in little things."

Pity the Editor!

Getting out this magazine is no picnic! If we print jokes people say we are weak-minded; if we don't they say we are too ponderous.

If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we write everything in the book, we are trying to hog the show.

If we stick close to the job all the time, we ought to be out hunting up news.

If we go out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius; and if we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we are too critical; if we don't, we are asleep.

Even now, likely as not, some egg will say we swiped this from some other magazine.

WE DID.

Anniversary Day

A Reporter Takes a Look 'Round

Eaton's Anniversary Day has come to be something of an institution in Winnipeg—an Annual Festival of Value which the populace has grown to anticipate with greater relish as each year passes by—an event which is as much a landmark in life as Labor Day or the Twenty-fourth of May.

The Twenty-seventh Anniversary was a perfect demonstration of the Store's attitude and Winnipeg's response to the Day of Days. Never had Eaton's presented a more impressive assemblage of merchandise—a more attractive set of prices. Certainly never did the Winnipeg buying public turn out in greater numbers to attend the celebration.

So great were the crowds assembled at door-opening that door-men found themselves unable to count the exact numbers present with any degree of accuracy. By 8.30 they were lined up at each door and in the aisles as far as the elevators, awaiting the opening gong. When the signal finally went, the rumble of the rushing feet of the multitude could be heard as far as the Eighth Floor. Anniversary Day had started!

Elevators loaded to capacity—escalators packed from foot to head—crowded stairways—led the hurrying throng to the various floors and departments they were seeking—and all in a matter of minutes, aisles and counters on every floor were crowded with the largest anniversary crowd which had ever poured through our doors.

Down on the First Floor, 207 had taken the precaution of giving their counters extra bracing against the anticipated crush—a move which proved wise in the extreme when the wave of shoppers poured round the counters and stood six and seven deep for the stockings which they were offering. Over in 204 another milling throng besieged the department for silverware. 206 had them lined up for soaps. . . .

So it was on the Second and Third Floors—on every floor. Perhaps the Fourth takes premier honors for attracting and holding the public attention on that memorable day, but its margin of supremacy was small indeed. Slippers—yard goods—dresses—food-stuffs—furnishings—stationery—every floor and nearly every department had offers that drew its crowd of shoppers.

Of course, it eased off gradually during the day—there were hardly enough people in Winnipeg to have maintained the dizzy pace of those first morning hours. But easing off from such a rush as that, still left us extraordinarily busy and all through the afternoon the press and hurry continued.

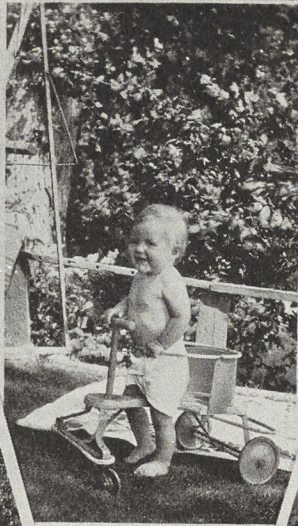
It was a great day—a gratifying and inspiring day to all connected with it. After such an auspicious beginning, we cannot help but enter the twenty-eighth year of our service to Winnipeg with new confidence in ourselves and new pride in our importance in the city's scheme of existence.

Such a demonstration of faith in our merchandise and appreciation of our values as Winnipeg shoppers gave us on July 18th, is possibly the finest birthday present any organization could wish for.

CONTACTS



FIRST PRIZE



SECOND PRIZE



THIRD PRIZE



And Didn't We Gather in a Wonderful Crop of

"NIZE BABIES?"

LOOK AT THE PAGE OPPOSITE!

Boy Babies—Girl Babies—Dark Babies—Fair Babies—Little Babies—Big Babies—Babies in their Sunday-go-to-meetin' best, and Babies in their birthday suits—in a steady stream their pictures poured into the Camera Counter and into *Contacts*, each new arrival causing a delighted chorus of "Oh's!" and "Ahs!" from those who were privileged to see them as they came in.

Did *Contacts* have anything to do with the judging? *Contacts* most emphatically did not! *Contacts*, as we have mentioned somewhere before, is a reasonably fearless journal, but not *that* fearless—do you think we'd jeopardize our existence by saying any one Eatonian's baby was cuter than another's? Nunno! We handed the job over to outside authorities on the subject—and after a period of meditation and prayer they finally delivered themselves of their verdict, as follows:

FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00

To MRS. S. E. BUDGE, Dept. 224

For Her Snap of Ian Aird, 1 Year and 7 Months.

Mrs. Budge, popular Grocery demonstrator, beat out the field with this beautiful snap of her little nephew, Ian. Ian is fair with big grey eyes, and the delightful setting in which he was taken makes Mrs. Budge's entry "a perfect picture" in every way!

SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00

TO MR. SAM WILLIAMS, Dept. 205

For His Snap of Elizabeth Audrey Joan Williams, 9 Months.

Mr. Williams, genial director of 205's destinies and "baseball" player extraordinary, needs little introduction to *Contacts'* readers. And baby Joan, with her fair hair and brown eyes, is going to add a few thousand more ardent admirers to her list, following publication of this snap, we're sure!

THIRD PRIZE, \$3.00

To MISS MARY EADES, Dept. 103A

For Her Snap of Nairn Kirkland Herne.

Even the young gentleman's own mother could hardly be prouder of Master Herne than is his auntie in the Head Cashier's Office. Small wonder, too—say we. The laddie seems to have a wonderful future ahead of him in the movies, if present indications are worth anything.

THE RUNNERS-UP

The lower section of the opposite page is devoted to a few of the entries that had the judges grey-headed before their elimination. Look at them and you'll soon see why we "passed the buck" to somebody else, so far as judging was concerned. Far as we're concerned there isn't one on the page that doesn't deserve First Prize.

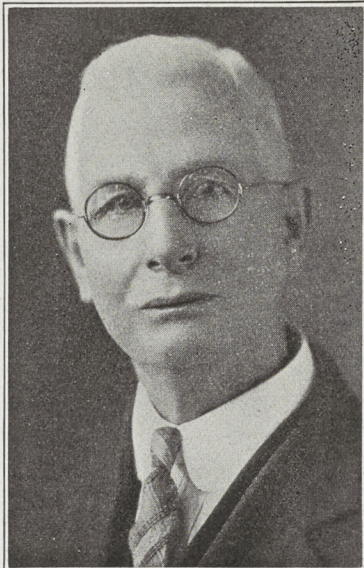
The Mitsuis of Japan

They are the wealthiest family in Japan—possibly the wealthiest family in the world, for their wealth is in the aggregate almost inestimably great. They have been thus fabulously wealthy for centuries, and their wealth is steadily increasing. They are primarily bankers, but there is hardly a form of business endeavor in which they are not actually involved—iron—paper—mining—warehousing—department stores—steamships—the list is almost endless.

Books have been written on this famous family—we take a column here to quote a single incident from their history which is of peculiar interest to us as Eatonians.

The real foundation of the Mitsui fortune may be said to have been a large drapery shop, established in 1673 in Yedo, and moved in 1683 to Suruga-Cho. The present huge Mitsui Department Store stands on the same site. And here, in 1683, was originated a method of doing business entirely new to Japan, namely: "*Cash down at fixed prices.*" Till then in all shops customers had been in the habit of paying at stated times or just whenever they could. Accordingly, merchants in quoting a selling price had to make allowance for bad debts, and charge interest on long-standing accounts. But the new method changed all this, and thus made it possible for goods to be sold much cheaper.

Just another proof of the merit of the foundation-stone of Eaton's own selling policy: "Cash transactions—fixed prices—satisfaction guaranteed!"



MR. J. J. MINTY

The death of Mr. Minty, on June 28th last, removed one of the best known and best loved "Eaton" personalities in the city.

Born in Bowmanville, Ontario, July 22nd, 1859, Mr. Minty had taught school in the town of Cannington, and successfully operated his own stationery and book store in Port Perry, prior to joining the Eaton organization in Toronto in 1893. In 1906 he was transferred to Winnipeg, and was a familiar figure in the General Office up until the date of his retirement, as treasurer of the Winnipeg Store, in May, 1930.

Mr. Minty is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Ross Metcalfe, of Chicago, U.S.A., and one son, Mr. Keith Minty, carrying on his father's fine business traditions in 222 department. Mrs. Minty died in February, 1930.

Mr. Minty's career with the Company has left us all a shining inspiration of fidelity and industry. He was sincerely missed following his retirement. With his death the sense of loss is increasingly keen.

"Oh, Goodness!— The Lights Have Gone Out!"

What Happens Across the Way When They Do

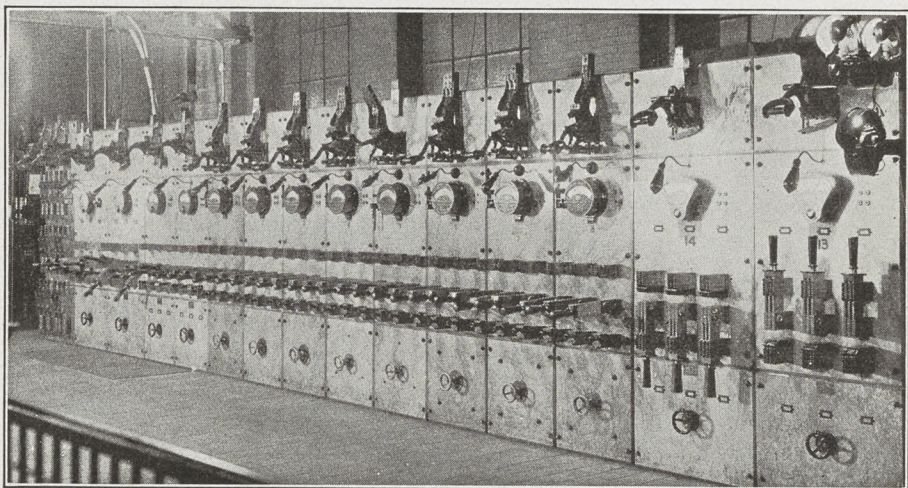
Some time ago, a friend in the Store said to us: "The next time you see the lights in the Store go out, make a bee-line for the Power House, if you're anywhere fairly close at hand. You're sure to get a story out of what goes on there."

We carried this suggestion in the back of our head for a long time without being able to take advantage of it. And then all of a sudden, just to make the 27th Anniversary Day perfect, didn't the lights throughout the building give a convulsive flicker or so, dim, and finally go dark. A few stayed on, it's true—this we'll explain later—but the great majority were black out, and the Store business proceeded in an unaccustomed twilight, and in unaccustomed silence—the escalators and elevators had stopped.

In short, the time had arrived for us to make our bee-line. Fortunately we were just at a stair-head on the second

floor, and were able to make the side-door—across the street—and into the Power House—in just about six well-calculated jumps.

Things were certainly happening as we bounded into the 110-degree atmosphere of the big, high-ceilinged building. To our left, as we entered the little areaway that is fenced off for visitors, giant fly-wheels were commencing to rotate, gaining velocity with every second as the great steam engines bit into the task of building up horse-power to carry the unexpected load that had suddenly become their responsibility. Across the way, two or three tense figures stood or knelt before a long switchboard, hands ceaselessly active, pulling switches, spinning wheels, their eyes all the while glued to the long series of dials before them. Other gnome-like figures ran back and forth on concealed errands. Orders were barked—and barkingly acknowledged. The very air itself seemed charged with the electricity which was being caught and harnessed and driven to work.



The Long Switchboards

It didn't last long—only a matter of minutes, and then, following a brief pause, the whole process seemed to our uneducated eyes, to be repeated—save that this time the great wheels slowed to stop, and over on the board, as each dial was whirled and switch pulled, there was a gradual slackening of tension and slowing of movement, until finally the comparative calm that settled over the whole establishment told us that the show was all over—and all that remained for us was to find out what it was all about.

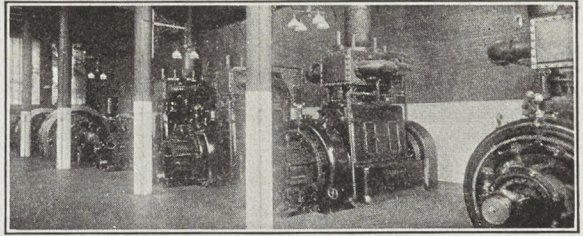
It was evidently quite a task, but by working hard, Mr. Bob Hutt and Mr. Charlie Lane between them finally managed to get it through our head, in language we could grasp. Here it is:

In the first place, the Store never really finds itself in the dark. Throughout the building, a certain percentage of the lights are on a circuit entirely separate and independent of city power, so that independent of Hydro accidents, the Store is always at least partially illuminated. The remainder of the Store (and Mail Order Buildings) derive their power from City Hydro plants.

Now then, what occurs when, as occurred on Anniversary Day, something happens to interfere with the Hydro power supply?

Of course, to commence with, everything dependent on electrical power (with the exception of the emergency lights referred to) ceases operation. The Power House gets the signal, and the staff leaps to action.

First of all, they start the great steam engines which must generate the required power. Then the switch board must be "cleaned"—some circuit-breakers thrown off—for the tremendous "load" represented by the Store's consumption cannot possibly be shouldered immediately by our machines. They must be built-up to it gradually—each successive machine built to the same voltage capacity as its neigh-



The Generators

bor before the switch can be thrown and it takes up its share of the load. Regard the switch board in the picture, and imagine what speed at which those operators must function to accomplish their objective on that long bank of boards, so that the Store shall be without power for only the absolute minimum of time!

With the board "cleaned," City and Mail are without light. The Mail remains so. Half the machines—one side of the board—then take over the Store lighting, and when this operation is complete, and city power is still not on again, the other side "kicks in" with what is required for elevators, escalators and other uses. The City goes on about its business, and the Mail sits down and hopes the trouble is serious!

And that's all there is to it—except that when city power returns, the process is reversed and the big engines fall silent again until the next call comes.

Breakdowns in city supply are uncommon these days—count for yourselves how often in the past year you have known it to happen. The last bad epidemic was some time ago when they occurred at the rate of nine times in three weeks. And then there was the historic occasion years ago when, due to the ice in the power company's flood-gates, there occurred a really serious jam-up, depriving the city of power for a week or more. For that time, practically the whole town was without light—but, thanks to Messrs. Hutt and Lane and their cohorts, Eaton's had plenty!

—M.S.

Among the Sportsmen

The Softball Finals

Friday night, July 22nd, saw the curtain lowered on what has unquestionably been one of the most successful seasons in the career of the Eaton Softball League. On this occasion, the final games of all five divisions were played off, and one of the largest crowds that have turned out in years were on hand to witness the heroic struggles that took place.

The biggest drawing card of the evening, of course, proved to be the breath-taking fight-to-a-finish that was staged in the Boys' A Division. And while Fate decided that the Cubs should eventually be crowned champions, that fast-stepping organization will have to divide the honors of play with their hard-fighting opponents, the Candies, who for the *fourth year in succession*, stepped up to the play-off plate and battled through three red-hot encounters, only to have victory denied them in the closing moments of the extra inning to which they forced the champions in the closing tangle. It was a magnificent series, and the losers have not a thing to apologize for. Their record during the past four years marks them as one of the most brilliant line-ups ever to perform in the Store circuit, and the very best that can be said of the triumphant Cubs is that they were just good enough to beat out such a torrid aggregation.

Their engagement was a flaming hot one from the first ball pitched. Cubs took the first, 10-6, but Candies came back strong to nose out a 7-6 majority in the second. The third was a battle of two pitching giants, Benner and Latter, each backed by virtually airtight support, and through ten hectic innings the boys held spectators spell-bound by their brilliant display, a

single run in the tenth inning telling the story in the end.

Final score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Candies..	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	2	—6
Cubs.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	—7

Batteries: Latter and Morrie; Benner and Evans. Umpires: H. Lewis and J. Moore.

Another interesting series was staged by the Boys' B Division when Printers, one of the Store's oldest teams, defeated the Royals, last year's B Division champions, after three interesting games. In the first game, Printers took the long end of the count but Royals came back in the second game to even up the series, and it was only after nine innings of hard-fought ball that the Printers became B Division champions. The sixth inning proved to be a disastrous inning for the Royals when the Printers, after some timely hitting and a little loose fielding, piled up three runs, which was enough to win.

The score by innings:

Printers	0	0	0	1	1	3	0	0	0	—5
Royals	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	—3

Batteries: Moody and Ringland; Richardson and Webster. Umpires: Hardie and McGregor.

* * * *

Girls' Divisions

In the Girls' A Division playoffs, Summerettes defeated the Rogues and took the Store Girls' Championship from them. The Rogues put up a plucky fight to hang on to the laurels won by them last season, but the going was a little too strong. In the first game of series Summerettes took the long end of the score, when the game had to be called in the eighth on account of darkness, but the Rogues came back fighting in the second game to even up the series. This game was featured by some smart fielding by E. Cropp and M. Landers, of the Rogues, around second base. In the

CONTACTS



THE ORIOLES—WINNERS GIRLS' B DIVISION

Back row, left to right—L. Campbell (coach), A. Ball, A. Campbell, N. Bullock, V. Tomlinson, E. Campbell, R. Steele (manager).

Front row—B. Campbell, E. Thompson, N. Crawley, J. Arthur, H. Winberg.

Missing from picture—J. Ross and E. Ramsay. (Note four Campbells on the team.)

final, Summerettes came back with their war clubs and smashed out a 16-to-11 victory to wind up the series. This game was featured by the playing of Puteman, who was taken from her first-base position to fill in behind the plate and made a good job of it, as Bromley was at her best.

The score by innings:

Summerettes 2 0 0 1 6 0 1 0 6—16
Rogues 0 0 2 2 3 0 1 1 2—11

Batteries: Bromley and Puteman; McCormick and Hanneson. Umpires: Clay and Watson.

The Orioles, led by the Campbell sisters, captured the Girls' B Division championship for the second time, and ended one of the best leagues B Division has ever had. All three teams in the league were of even calibre and the leaders were in doubt all season until the final game of the schedule was played. Lucky Strikes, who were chased to the basement by the Imps through the loss of one game, proved to be a dangerous team at all times, and with a little more experience in the field behind the pitching of Phil Wood will be stronger contenders next season. In the first game of the playoff the Orioles were in fine form and defeated the Imps by the score of 18 to 9, and were never in trouble all

through the game. They came back again to leave no doubt as to who were champs, when they piled up a 34 to 23 score in the second. Score by innings:
Imps 3 3 4 7 3 0 0 3 0—23
Orioles 9 4 3 1 5 1 10 1 x—34

Batteries: Cox and Tessman, King; A. Campbell and Arthur.

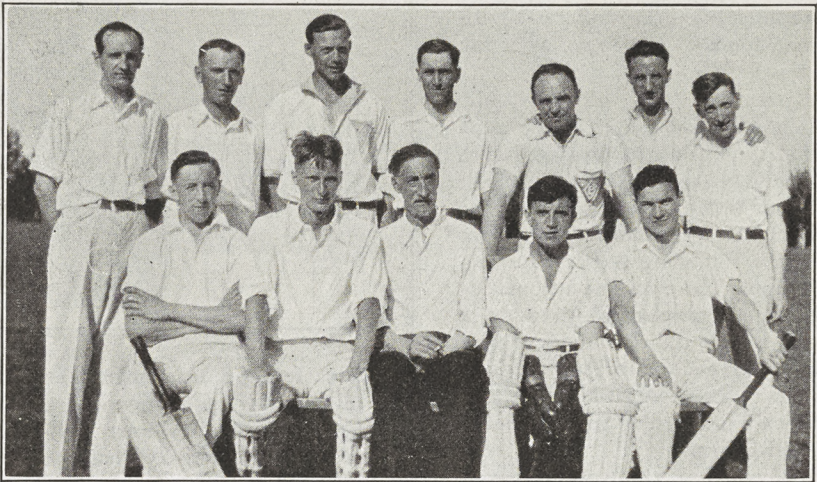
Umpire: Kellas.

In the Girls' C Division playoff the Elites and Diamond Dots in a corner by themselves were making things hard for the scorekeepers by piling up big scores. The Elites being the worst offenders when they ran up a score of 44 and another of 32 to take the series away from the Dots. These scores are official, as the scorekeepers were equipped with adding machines. In the first game the Elites beat the Dots by the score of 44 to 4. Much could be said of the staying power of Turner, who pitched the two games for the Dots with very ragged support on the part of her fellow team mates. The second and final was given by the scorekeepers as 32 to 14 for the Elites. The catching of Ladd, for the Elites, deserves special mention. Score by innings:

Diamond Dots.... 1 0 1 0 0 1 3 4 4—14
Elites 7 5 0 0 6 4 8 2 0—32

Batteries: Turner and Firth; Duguid and Ladd.

The Eaton Cricket Club



W. Liver, J. Moore (Capt.), C. Saunders, W. Wilkinson, J. W. Flack, R. Mulloy, J. Slater, R. Donaldson, D. James, A. C. Marshall (President), C. Flynn, J. Ward.

LEAGUE STANDING, JULY 25th

Played 9. Won 8. Lost 1. Drawn 0.

The cricketers are leading the "B" Division as shown by the above summary. With but five games to play, we hope to see them win the Division and so finish up the best season the Club has had, successfully.

Keen in the field, they have won for themselves a well-merited reputation—with Don. James at "point" doing brilliant work.

The bowling honors are shared by Messrs. J. Moore and J. Slater, whose splendid work on more than one occasion has been an outstanding feature.

In batting the team has been well served by all. The clean, strong hitting of Dick Donaldson has featured this section of the game.

"Oh, The 'EAGLES', They Fly High!"

No more spirited athletic organization exists within the scope of the Store's activity than the Eagles' Golf Club—an informal association of honest hearts who foregather every Sunday morning for a session out at Deer Lodge.

The "Eagles" had their inception some four years ago when Dick Turner and Harry Reid were in the habit of playing a clubby little twosome every

Sunday morning. Mr. Harry Rowlin, who up until that time had scorned the game, took an unholy glee in giving the two gentlemen named a fine old ribbing whenever he saw them, for their loyal adherence to what he contemptuously referred to as "cow-pasture billiards."

(The same Mr. Rowlin will in all probability tear the hide off us with hot pincers for revealing these incidents from his irreligious past; but the Press must be fearless!)

CONTACTS

Messrs. Turner and Reid took the ribbing in good part, bided their time, and finally with soft words and seductive promises, lured the scoffer out with them one Sunday "just to see what the game was like."

The result is golf history. Mr. Rowlin succumbed to one of the most virulent attacks of golf-poisoning ever known in the annals of the game—played four times in that week and was thundering at Mr. Reid's gates at six o'clock the following Sunday for another round. The twosome automatically became a threesome—grew to a foursome by the addition of Mr. Frank Merritt, and eventually split into a three-and-twosome when Mr. Bert McAllister cast his regular Sunday morning lot with them.

So congenial a company did this quintette prove that as time went on they were showered with requests from other players wishing to string along with them. So acute did this situation become that Dick Turner, to whom most of these overtures were addressed, found himself doing mild secretarial work for a growing band of golfers all anxious to whack off at the same hour Sunday morning.

So this Spring, the worthy Turner announced to this coterie that the most reasonable policy to adopt was the formation of a "club" and called for applications. The first Sunday's reservations were for 20—grew to 28—dropped off and eventually came to rest at 17, at which figure it has held steady all Summer.

Privileges of membership cost the player a dime a week whether he plays or not, the money being devoted entirely to the cost of the club championship cup, the runner-up's prize and third prize, and the expense of a banquet at the end of the season. In addition to the club cup, competition has been considerably whetted by the donation of the Rowlin Trophy, presented by Mr. Harry Rowlin for annual competition between members. Play-off for the club cup commences Sunday, August 8th, and at the completion of the play-offs, a 36-hole tournament for the Rowlin Trophy will be held.

"THE WAY OF AN EAGLE"

A stirring action photograph showing that well-known "Eagle," Mr. Eddie Martin, of 247, demonstrating the dangers of standing too close to the ball after the swing is taken!



Secretary Turner reports an increasing number of applications for membership as the Summer goes on, but announces definitely that membership is closed for the season. Next season, however, "Eagles" plan to elect officers and again increase their membership, and altogether, it looks as if this lively aggregation might easily grow in time into one of the strongest golfing fraternities in the city. Best luck to them in all their endeavors, says *Contacts*!

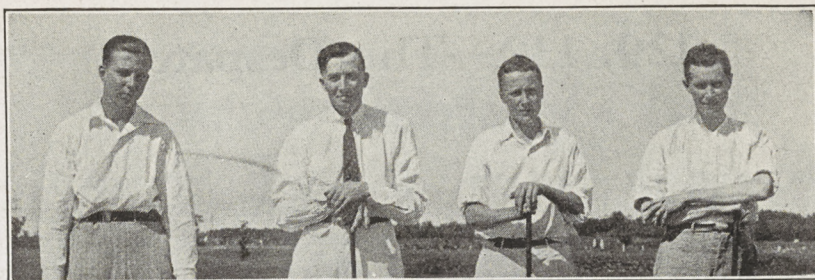
Present membership includes: Messrs. Harry Rowlin, Dick Turner, Bert McAllister, Bob Thompson, Frank Merritt, Sam Fleming, Joe Chapman, Bill Vine, Doug. Sturgeon, Percy Blake-man, Reg. Hinch, Ed. Martin, Ernie Martin, John Maley, Frank Woodward, Dave Crockett and Joe Bateman.

Eaton Golf Club

The Battle of "Bunker Hill" is over again for another year. Two very fine days of golf were enjoyed by all the contestants. Some played golf, others liked the bunkers and sand traps better, but taking it all round, *some* good golf was played.

The winners are as follows:

Class	Dept.
"A"—R. Y. Eaton Cup.....	D. Arnott1203
"B"—H. M. Tucker Cup.....	R. J. Holmes.....11
"C"—B. C. Scrivener Cup....	G. Graham.....302
"A"—Runner up	H. Steele100
"A"—Best gross	G. Leslie.....1203
"A"—Second best gross.....	W. B. Pickard.....100



WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP IN THE "FATHER-AND-SON" COMPETITION
Left to Right—Joedy Palmer, Mr. Joe Palmer, Jack Punshon, and Mr. W. Punshon

Class	Dept.
"B"—Runner up.....	P. Stewart1247
"B"—Best gross.....	G. M. Hubbs. 204
"B"—Second best gross.....	T. T. Johnstone. 7
"C"—Runner up.....	L. E. Summers. 104
"C"—Best gross	T. Donaldson. 122
"C"—Second best gross.....	H. Driver.....157

The hidden holes were the third for the highest, won by J. A. Stewart, 154A Department, with a brilliant 13. The hidden hole for low score was the fifth, won by T. Dundas, Dept. 206, with a sparkling 3. The prizes for the competition will be presented at the Annual Banquet, some time in October, when we hope all competition will be finished.

A battle royal is going on in the Store Knockout Competition, especially in "C" Class, with Mr. S. Wilson in the thick of it.

The "Father-and-Son" Event for the Dailley Cup was won by Joe Palmer and son, "Joedy." This is the first time that they have won this event, after a number of years of trying, but they won only after a hard tussle with W. Punshon and son, Jack. Come on, Daddies, get your boy playing golf ready for next year's event. No age limit!



Joedy Palmer
lines out a warm one

Eaton Angling Club

The log book of the Eaton Angling Club, at Whitemouth Falls, indicates that more Eatonians are making use of the club facilities this year than ever before. Each week-end finds the lodge occupied by employees anxious to get back to nature, and expressing enthusiastic approval of the landscape, swimming, fish, accommodation, and everything else in connection with the popular lodge.

Our latest communication to this effect comes from Bill Murray, of 227, who was a visitor over the long week-end. We regret our inability to produce Bill's article in full—space is getting limited. But he speaks in glowing terms of a thoroughly enjoyable holiday, mentioning that among others to share the club's attractions on this occasion were: Mr. and Mrs. James Tucker and son, Harold; Mr. George Allen and son, Ralph, and Mr. Les. Hawkeley.

"The fishing," writes Bill, "is excellent at certain times of the season, but good fishing can always be had when one knows the proper places to go. A map is being prepared for the use of members, which will make these places easy to find."

Thanks, Bill!

Eaton Bowling League

Eaton Trundlers will hold their general meeting and election of officers for the coming season in the Saratoga Bowling Alleys at 8 p.m., Monday, August 22nd. All interested are cordially requested to attend. Entries of new teams for the 1932-33 season will be accepted on this occasion.

129, 130—The Despatch

And How They Work

Few salespeople — and certainly fewer customers — ever lose much sleep pondering over Departments 129 and 130. What happens to merchandise after a sale is made and the parcel wrapped, doesn't concern the individual behind the counter very much, as long as it doesn't come back. And so long as the goods she has purchased arrive at her home in the right condition at the time promised, the customer doesn't greatly care exactly *how* it all happened.

Nevertheless, the Despatch constitutes one of the most important of the Store's many ramifications, and without their snappy efficiency we might all be in a sad mess. It's high time that *Contacts* had something to say about them.

The heart of the system (which, incidentally, is one of the most efficient in operation—naturally) is the Marking Table, or "Bridge," situated just off the beaten path in the tunnel that runs between City and Mail. From all over the Store, a ceaseless stream of parcels converges on the Bridge to receive treatment at the hands of the fast-thinking boys who stand there. Heavy and bulky articles, such as linoleum, paint, hardware, and so on, are carried by truck directly to the Bridge. All other parcels are collected on each floor by carriers and dropped into a spiral chute situated on the south side of the Store and running from the Fifth Floor to the Basement. Leaving the chute the parcels are picked up by a conveyor belt which rumbles endlessly on, carrying its stream of merchandise to the Bridge. There are eighteen of these

conveyors in the Basement, all connecting with each other, and in addition a meat and fish belt runs from a separate chute direct to the Bridge. Eighteen! —count 'em. Make a little mental picture for yourself just how those parcels pile in there on a day such as the 27th Anniversary, to take an example!

Now, there are 88 routes which the delivery wagons follow, and it is the job of the lads round the Bridge to correctly route each parcel that arrives before them. To do this, all that is necessary is to familiarize themselves with 1722 streets, 981 apartment blocks, 79 banks, 22 firehalls, 19 hospitals, 121 schools, and golf clubs, churches, institutions, dairies and a host of other locations too extensive for enumeration here.

Imagine how fast these young gentlemen must work — how much faster they must think—when things get going really good—such as the recent occasion upon which they established their proud record of 56,000 parcels in a day's work!

Once the parcels are marked, they are shoved or tossed through the funnel-shaped entrances to the conveyor belts that carry them across to the Despatch and the waiting delivery wagons. Here they are picked off by carriers and left in bunks—each bunk is numbered, and parcels marked with the corresponding number find their way to that bunk. Outside the bunk waits the wagon. Here, the responsibility of the Despatch ends.

Customers never see the fast-working people—probably never think of them. But they are highly important cogs in the great wheel of service—indispensable in building up that reputation for smooth working efficiency which Eaton's has enjoyed in Winnipeg for more than twenty-seven successful years. We salute them! —M.S.

Newcomers to the

Quarter-Century Club

Mr. Fred H. Martin—Dept. 17—was born in Catworth, Hunts., England, but spent the greater part of his youth in the famous university town of Cambridge, where he received his schooling and served his business apprenticeship with the firm of W. Eaden Lilley & Co., in the homefurnishing and carpet departments of that institution.

Coming to Canada in 1907, Mr. Martin's first position was with W. B. Sterling, wholesale furniture dealers, in this city. From there he came to Eaton's, on July 9th, of the same year, commencing as a china packer, graduating from there to Women's Furs and Ready Wear, until 1914, when he was selected to assist Mr. Charge upon the opening of the Juvenile Department 252. In 1916 he was appointed assistant in Department 17, and has filled this post until the present time. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a picture of Mr. Martin and the imposing array of stout fellas he has raised during the passage of the above history.

* * * *

Mr. John R. Le Montais—Dept. 144. Mr. Le Montais was born in the Island of Jersey, Channel Islands, just sixty years ago, and has much to tell of a career of unusual interest prior to his coming to Canada a quarter-century ago. Upon his arrival, he was for a short time employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, but soon found his way to Eaton's, joining the Store on the 27th of July, 1907. He served in 132 Department for a short time, but by far the greater part of his service has been with 144 Department. May his tall, genial presence long continue to welcome us as we make for our elevators every morning!

Mr. Donald McGregor Ross—13 Department. As one may easily gather from his name, Mr. Ross is a son of auld Scotia, being born at Invergordon, Ross-shire, Scotland. Always, Mr. Ross tells us, he had an interest in Canada and a hankering to come here. He knew our country from coast to coast through reading—finally, in 1907, he left Scotland and came direct to the Heart of the West, arriving in Winnipeg on July 11th of that year. Four days later he joined the T. Eaton Co., entering 13 Department and remaining in that section ever since.

Mr. Ross was an outstanding athlete in his younger days, going in for rowing, bowling, golf, tennis, and playing a nice bat for the Eaton Cricket Club for many years. His business motto is: "Give to each customer the service you would yourself appreciate," and is typical of the attitude which has distinguished every day of his time with the Company.

TIME

Time is one of our richest gifts, and once lost is irrecoverable. Do not think that time can be saved by hurrying. It is well to move briskly, but far more important to do a thing well than to get through it quickly. Some men are naturally more gifted than others; but let two men start out, the one more brilliant, but careless and idle; the other comparatively slow, but industrious, careful and high principled, and the latter will undoubtedly outdistance his more brilliant competitor. Do not look upon your work as a dull duty. You can make it interesting if you choose. Do what you ought, and you will have no doubt what you ought to do. What is wanted firstly is perseverance; secondly, perseverance, and lastly, perseverance.—W. Fortune, 206.

Departmental Ditties

16, 17, 40—

On Friday, July 8th, there was an undercurrent of mystery in the above departments. Whispering groups dispersed at the approach of one of the department's assistants until one would think he would tumble to the fact that there was something afoot. However, the secret was well kept, and at 5.30 all the departments hid themselves to Moore's taxi stand (with the exception of the "victim"), where they embarked for City Park. The "victim," Mr. F. H. (Fred) Martin, wended his lonely way homeward, where his family advised him they were having supper in the park.

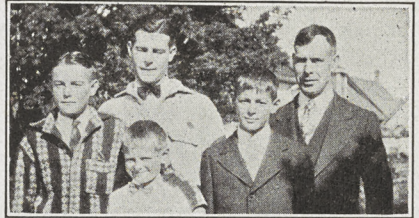
Judge of his surprise on reaching the park at finding all the members of the departments and a number of guests awaiting his arrival. All sat down to a splendid lunch catered to by Johnny Laing and his able assistants. After the last lick of ice cream had been lapped up, that inimitable master of ceremonies, Mr. Dave Howard, took charge and with a few well-chosen words of welcome to the guests and reference to the reason for this surprise party, he called on Mr. Mudge, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. J. W. MacKenzie, to make the presentation to the guest of honor.

The occasion was the 25th anniversary of Mr. Martin's joining the Store, and after a few short remarks dwelling on the loyal service Mr. Martin had given, and the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow employees, Mr. Mudge, on behalf of the department staff and friends in the Store, presented him with a monogrammed signet ring, suitably engraved, for "his personal adornment" and a carving set for the family to use on festive occasions.

Mr. Martin was taken by surprise but managed to express his and Mrs. Martin's appreciation of this token of his popularity with his staff and fellow employees, and emphasized the fact

that we should get together like this for a social time more frequently.

A "hot" game of baseball ended a delightful evening, and everyone agreed with Mr. Martin that these affairs help us to get better acquainted with each other.



—and here is Mr. Martin himself, along with his family of four sons—Jim, Kenneth, Douglas and Bill. Mr. Martin is the young chap on the right.

* * * *

Miss Millie Howard, who so ably handled 40 Dept's. office work for umpteen years, left us on June 11th to be married to Mr. J. Adams. Her pleasant personality and efficient service will be greatly missed by those with whom she worked, and all whose duties brought them in contact with her. Miss G. McNaughton gave a kitchen shower in her honor on June 9th, which was attended by a large number of former department employees and friends as well as the present staff.

The departments 16-17-40 presented Miss Howard with a dinner set, and Mr. J. W. MacKenzie, in making the presentation, feelingly expressed his and our regret at her departure. Members of the staff and friends were at the train to see her off for Kenora, and saw to it that she had a liberal supply of confetti to keep her company.

The wedding took place on July 1st at her home in Kenora, Ont., where the happy couple have taken up residence. We all wish you the best of everything, Millie—Joe is getting a wonderful break!

217 At It Again!



217 Does Its Stuff

These Clo-ak and Su-it pipples are getting to be the dog-gonedest cut-ups you ever saw! No sooner do we get through describing one mad frolic they staged down at Lockport, when we get word of yet another blithesome junketing, when the entire department were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lee at their Summer home at Ponemah.

With the exception of four wise young women who adroitly chiselled transportation in Mr. Bradley's car, the department made the journey by train, and soon after their arrival were disporting themselves in the Lake, yelping joyously, jumping about and splashing each other, and trying to duck Mr. Pryce. Following the dip, they sat down, more than twenty strong, to a delightful luncheon, followed by sessions of croquet, badminton and more swimming. Then tea was served (what appetites!) and the crowd devoted its time to further badminton, tag, pillow-fighting, dumping Mr. Pryce out of the hammock (what have they got against this poor man?), and sundry other pieces of buffoonery until by train time everybody (especially, we presume, Mr. and Mrs. Lee) were thoroughly worn out. Not so much so, however, that they could not gather on the lawn to deliver, "For they are jolly good fellows," in honor of their host and hostess, with all the gusto and sincerity of which happy hearts were capable.

A most delightful affair, apparently, and one to be long remembered, judging by the enthusiastic comment of the department ever since.

220 Weiner Roast—

Wednesday evening, July 13th, found the staff of 220 straggling to a weiner roast in Fort Garry Drive. After many late arrivals, the programme got under way.

The evening was spent in song, games and food. Talent came to light in the person of Walter Manly, who with his harmonica led the singing, assisted by Francis and his co-partner. They say that the Tribune is trying to get them to sign a contract to help with the Community Singing. More talent was uncovered when it came to making coffee. Bob S. thought he was making it for an army instead of about thirty people. The weiners and buns were the best part of all. Everybody ate and ate and ate, and then there was oodles left over, so they were brought into the Store and everybody had weiners and buns for their lunch on Thursday.

After the lunch, Mike got the idea of bouncing W.G.T., which everyone joined in, and before long everyone had their ups and downs. Everyone voted the evening a success and planned to hold a picnic in the very near future.

229—

On Thursday, June 23rd, the office girls of 229 Department tendered a picnic to Miss Kelly, of the Snack Counter, who has left on her "quarter-century" vacation on a trip to Europe.

The weather favored us—all day it looked doubtful as to whether the picnic might have to be held in somebody's parlor—however, the sun came out just at 5.30, and the party moved out to City Park by car.

Arrived at the scene of the festivities, we had supper laid out on the grass—and what a supper! Chicken 'n' ice cream 'n' everything—and as a special treat, a cake made up to represent the stout ship "Empress of Australia," just to make the rest of the party imagine they were going along with Miss Kelly on her tour.

And then, of course, there was the "Lucky Pie" which, though not edible, proved just as delightful! Miss Kelly

chose the "lucky string" and pulling it, discovered a parcel at the other end, containing a lovely black Morocco leather handbag. We didn't forget the pencil and address book, in case she might have time to write.

Best wishes, Miss Kelly! A pleasant trip and a safe return!

—M. A. Jenkinson.

116, 161, 177—

What with several of our "clan" away on holidays or returning with (at least) a healthy looking coat of tan—one finds it pretty hard to "nose" out any interesting tit-bits of news for our readers. (This being a correspondent for *Contacts* "aint all it's cracked up to be"! Anyhoo—I fear me the lassies are being ever so quiet and good—pourquoi? Would it be the heat and lack of interest in "goings on" in general—or do you suppose they are beginning to carry out those well-meant New Year's resolutions?

116 was amused to learn that one of its members had gone "Paris" with a smart model hat she picked up during the 27th Anniversary Sale. Very cannily she recognized the "model" and feels extremely pauche in her chapeau. Dear, dear, who'd be without a hat for 27 cents?

Our "lil' pal," Ernie, has certainly been sprucing up lately. "Cherchez la femme," girls! I suppose it's useless to ask you, Ernie, who she is?

Our correspondent is glad to report that the operation *was* a success. Rah, Sally!

How come we haven't seen your prize-winning dress on you lately, Marge? Is it just "all shot" from general wear and tear?

Feel better now, Dot, minus the tonsils? Here's hoping your rest at Gimli will fully recuperate you.

Say, Dotty, nothing like "paddling your own canoe," is there? Don't you ever get lonesome?

Speaking of "Dots"—what about that "dash" after the porcupine at Minaki, Dot? Who won?

Here and There—

Mr. Baker (218) has been receiving congratulations on the recent arrival of another little ray of sunshine in his home. The arrival was a girl, and brings Mr. Baker's family to the proud total of four—three girls and one boy. . . . Mr. Awrie, of 219, returned from his buying trip full of promises of beautiful things to come this Fall. 219 is meanwhile busy making Mr. Neil Cook, their recent acquisition from the Golden West, feel at home. . . Phyllis Mills, of 224, has decided to Jump Off the Dock, and will become the bride of Mr. Art Bromley on August 20th. We understand the milk bill will be least of their worries, and with Phyllis' Grocery connection, things should be fairly simple for the ambitious team. The department rose in a body on the evening of July 14th, and attended a delightful miscellaneous shower for Phyllis, held at the residence of Mrs. Clarke, on Beverley Street. Supper was served under Chinese lanterns in Mrs. Clarke's lovely garden. All present voted Phyllis' pharewell phrolic the most charming event of the season. . . Mr. Bucham (212) is back from his buying trip, having added a little avoirdupois and accumulated a store of ambition, pep, vim, vigor and vot have you, which the department found somewhat trying for a few days following his return. . . . Reg. Godwin, of 215, has commenced training another hat salesman, a fine baby boy arriving at the family mansion on June 19th. . . . Dorothy Clarke, of 212, took the Orange Blossom trail on July 25th, and when this reaches publication will be Mrs. Allan Winn. Their honeymoon is being spent on a motor trip (destination unknown). . . Benny Burke, nonchalant necktie-knotter of 214, was making the air hideous the other evening over KFYR, the voice of Hoskins-Meyer, Bismarck. We understand that his fan mail, following his audition, gave the U.S. postal authorities no little trouble. "KFYR Topics," chatty little bulletin dealing with the activities of that popular North Dakota station, said in reference to Ben-

nie's performance: "His charming voice has a range and quality that holds his listeners enthralled to the end of the programme. Personally, Bennie Burke holds true to the reputation of all Canadian friends in having that unique quality of friendliness and good fellowship that makes one appreciate him from the first moment you meet him. KFYR is looking forward to being able to present our good friend Bennie in another of his delightful programmes the next time he visits our city." Wonder if he knows any card tricks? . . . And then, of course, there was the starry-eyed Copywriter up in City Ad. who, having labored all day at gems of persuasive literature extolling the merits of our "Anniversary Specials," finished the last one with a great sigh of content and turning to her next-door neighbor enquired: "What is this the anniversary of, anyway?" Tsk! Tsk!—not to mention the young woman from 116 who recently had a thrilling experience—a terrifying encounter, fraught with the gravest personal danger and full of hair-raisingly perilous situations when she was forced to flee for her life before the vicious attack of—Two Robins! . . . Peggy Ross, of Mr. Summer's office, is all steamed up about the Imps recent triumph over the Orioles. We have it on her own authority that the occasion is inscribed in letters of scarlet in the most intimate of her several diaries. . . . They say that bond between radio parts and gramophone records-and-sheet music was never stronger, mutual inspiration furnished by each of these sections to the other proving a wonderful stimulus to all sorts of things. We regret our inability to secure photographs of the principals in this merry musical melange, but—there's always another number coming up! . . . The irrepressible "Lemmy," of 224, is enjoying a trip overseas. . . . Mr. Ford, of the same department, has

just returned from the Old Country. . . . Mr. Salton, of 248, has returned from his holidays, much to the relief of the fish in the Lake of the Woods, who found Mr. Salton's attempts to make a bum of Kaye Don's speed records, a bit trying to say the least. . . . Mr. John Kehoe (213) is back from his beloved Perth, Ont., with some interesting snapshots of himself taken with sundry Lanark County girls and goats. . . . Those two picturesque mainstays of 100 Department, Ruth Hollins and Florence Musgrove, covered a lot of territory during their vacation, Ruth taking a flyer to the Pacific Coast and Florence taking a look 'round Ottawa and points East. Glad to see them both back safely as we go to press. . . . Mr. Somerville, of the Head Cashier's Office, was presented with a handsome leather travelling companion by the Head Cashier's and Treasurer's Offices, to mark the completion of twenty-five years' service with the Company. . . . Miss Helen Spears, of 103A, has left the department, and all indications point to a mystical knot some time in September. We await confirmation with interest. Our Mary, of the same department, and senior partner in the Mary and John combine, seems to be headed satisfactorily in the same delirious direction. . . . Miss Thelma LeCocq of City Ad, has again crashed a leading Canadian magazine with another smart piece of short-story writing; and Frances Douglas, of the same outfit, recently hit the local dailies with some neat samples of occasional verse. The Great Canadian Novel may come out of Eaton's yet! . . . Mr. John David Eaton departed on his holidays immediately after stocktaking. He is driving East, but on his arrival will forsake the highways and spend the major part of his leisure on a sailing cruise. . . . We suggest to Harv. Benson, of 254, that he wander up to the Third Floor and get Harry Greenwood to show him one of those quaint little rubber shirts that 222 is displaying for the benefit of golfers who will get their golf mixed up with water polo. Quite a nobby little rig!



FAIR EATONIANS AT NINETTE

We are greatly pleased to present in this issue the group of attractive young women snapped above. These girls are all young Eatonians who are winning their way back to health and happiness at Ninette Sanitarium; and to judge from their expressions the happiness end of it seems to be pretty well there already. Good luck, kids!—we'll be seeing you!

Left to right—Misses L. Sinclair (226 workroom), M. Frederickson (210 workroom), S. Thompson (229), M. Aitkenson (113), J. Dale (229), I. La Venture (104), E. Kaler (7), S. Black (106A).

Our Private Good-Will Tour

Police representatives of three American centres have written to *Contacts*, complaining bitterly of a recent invasion of their otherwise well-ordered domains, by a squealing gang of young Eaton women—most of 'em cashiers at that!—who commandeered a Moore's bus and roared over the border on the week-end of August 1st.

The expedition, twenty-three strong, included the Misses A. Johnson, M. Christie, D. Godsmark, A. Edgar, H. Sim, O. Johnson, W. Cuzner, M. Croft, K. Bodley, D. Russell, M. Kirk, E. Smith, J. Dodds, E. Dodds, D. Christie, E. Johns, E. Mertison, F. Johnson, G. Cuzner, W. Godsmark, E. Young, M. Reid, D. Kerr, and the bus-driver, Frank Rogers (just what drag *he* exerted to land the job is still not known). The tour was under the business management of Miss Hilda Sim, and her efficient handling of all financial details of the trip won the enthusiastic approval and gratitude from all present.

Leaving Winnipeg about 2 p.m. on Saturday, the party arrived at Detroit Lakes about midnight—the unsuspecting immigration authorities making no move to interfere other than to wonder whether it was safe to let in Welsh-women, as represented by Doris Russell—and even she got across eventually!

Upon arrival at the tourist cabins the greater part of the forces went to bed—the shortage of men proving a deterrent to party-ing to most of them, with the exception of one fair charmer who did her stuff in best Mounted Police style—and wotta man this "Darling Bob" must have been!

Sunday's activities included a trip in a motor launch and a bus-ride under the personal direction of Frank—(Darling Bob and Co. missed the latter, fortunately or unfortunately). Finally on Monday morning they departed,

greatly to the relief of the country in general. From there the trail of misbehaviour ran through Grand Forks and Fargo, both of which cities have subsequently complained to Washington regarding the outrage, and serious international complications are not at all improbable. Indeed, so relieved was the "land of the free" to see the last of them, that the ordinarily eagle-eyed customs gentlemen failed completely to remark on the amazing manner in which ninety per cent of the young women had extended their girth in two days!

However, now that the prodigals are back, all is forgiven, and we're glad they had such a swell time. We can even find it in our hearts to sympathize with Darling Bob, left sad and lone, to sob his aching heart out against the unfeeling walls of that sacred little cabin where—

[Sorry, but this can't go on—we've got to get to press! Anyway, it was a swell week-end.—Ed.]

SADIE INGRAM

Not only the many friends she made among employees—but the host of customers whom she so cheerfully served every day—will miss Sadie Ingram from her post in the Adjustment Bureau, Basement Wrapping Desk.

Born March 16th, 1911, Sadie Ingram first became associated with Eaton's during the pre-Christmas activities in 1926. She returned in September, 1928, and had been employed in 131A ever since. Her tragic death by drowning on Sunday, July 31st, was a great shock to all who knew her, and the sympathy of the Store goes out whole-heartedly to her relatives in their sad bereavement.